

# Edgefield Advertiser.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

VOLUME XIV.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. MAY 16, 1849.

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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

BY  
**WM. F. DURISOE,**  
PROPRIETOR.

NEW TERMS

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**G. D. TILLMAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND  
SOLICITOR IN EQUITY.

Office next door to Mr. Compt's Hotel, Edgefield C. H.  
January 24 1849. 3m 1

**WM. E. MARTIN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

No. 9, Broad Street, Charleston S. C.  
Over the Office of W. M. Martin. Will practice in Barnwell and Columbia, and continue to practice in Beaufort.  
April 25, 3m 14

**JOSEPH ABNEY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will be found in his office at Edgefield Court House, adjoining Bryan's Brick Store, on Saturdays, Sundays, and Court weeks.  
He will attend promptly and strictly to business in his profession.  
January 10, 51

## CANDIDATES.

**FOR SHERIFF.**  
The friends of **WESLEY BODIE**, Esq., announce him as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff of this District at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce **Capt. HUMPHREY BOWLE**, as a Candidate for Sheriff, at the ensuing election.  
The friends of **Col. THOS. W. LANHAM**, announce him as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff at the next election.  
The friends of **Col. JOHN HILL**, announce him as a candidate for Sheriff of Edgefield District at the next election.  
We are authorized to announce **T. J. WHITAKER**, as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff, at the ensuing election.  
The friends of **ALFRED MAY**, announce him as a Candidate for Sheriff, at the ensuing election.

## FOR TAX COLLECTOR.

We are authorized to announce **LITTLETON A. BROOKS**, as a Candidate for Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce **ROBERT CLOY**, as a Candidate for Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.  
The friends of **Maj. ISAAC BOLES**, announce him as a Candidate for the Office of Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce **Capt. B. F. GOUDY**, as a candidate for the Office of Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.  
The friends of **Maj. F. W. BURT**, announce him as a candidate for Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.  
The friends of **Col. J. QUATTLEBUM**, announce him as a candidate for Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce **WM. L. PARKS**, as a Candidate for Tax Collector, at the next election.

## FOR ORDINARY.

The friends of **VIRGIL M. WHITE**, announce him as a Candidate for the Office of Ordinary at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce **EDWARD PRESLEY**, as a Candidate for the Office of Ordinary at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce **Col. WILLIAM H. MOSS**, as a Candidate for the Office of Ordinary at the ensuing election.  
The friends of **HUGH A. NIXON**, Esq., respectfully announce him as a Candidate for the Office of Ordinary, at the next Election.

## FOR CLERK.

We are authorized to announce **WM. M. JOHNSON**, Esq., a candidate for Clerk of the District Court of Edgefield at the ensuing election.  
The friends of **PETER QUATTLEBUM**, Esq., announce him as a candidate for the Office of Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, of this District, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce **THOS. G. BACON**, a candidate for re-election as Clerk of the Court, for Edgefield District.  
The friends of **E. PENN**, announce him as a Candidate for the Office of Clerk at the ensuing election.

From the Columbia Telegraph.

## MANUFACTURING AT THE SOUTH.

In an Editorial under this caption our friend of the *Palmetto Banner* yesterday made the following remarks:

"We regret to see some of the oldest and ablest free trade papers of the South yielding to the plausible but deceptive notion that the remedy for the South is to manufacture for herself, and to learn to live within herself. We are not disposed to discourage any branch of mechanical industry which may prove profitable to those who undertake it, but we cannot consent at this late day, and in the present advanced stage of commercial enterprise and prosperity, to go back to the old, exploded, ridiculous federal doctrine of making every thing we want, and buying nothing from our neighbors. We can see no good reason why the people of the South should not be allowed to plant Cotton, if they can make more at that, than they can at spinning; if not why they should not be allowed to buy calico and are handles from their Yankee neighbors, if they can buy them for less than it would cost to make them for themselves. We see no reason why we should throw away the peculiar advantages we possess as the only country in the world where cotton can be extensively and successfully cultivated, to go to manufacturing, a business only resorted to in densely populated countries, where the soil cannot support the inhabitants."

"We regard every factory established at the South as a fatal blow struck at Free Trade, and if it is not also a covert blow at the institution of slavery itself, we shall be agreeably disappointed."

Now we differ in toto from our friend both in his premises, his conclusions, and his proposed policy for the Southern country; believing that the devotion to the culture of one staple only has greatly crippled the energies, and driven off the population from the older Southern States.

This we had thought was universally conceded now—and we are therefore surprised that one so well informed and practical as the Editor of the *Banner* should recommend our people to pursue a course which has already proved ruinous to so many of our planters, and settled Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas with emigrants from Virginia, North and South Carolina. The question is not, Can more be made by planting Cotton than spinning it? but, Can more be made by a combination of the two, by employing a part of our labor to cultivate the staple, and the surplus labor to convert the raw material into manufactured goods for home consumption?

Numbers of our most intelligent planters and most sagacious citizens agree in affirming that there is now an over-production of Cotton, which depreciates its price and renders the labor employed upon it valueless to the producer. The laws of trade, regulated by supply and demand, thus are made to work against the producer, and the legitimate fruit of his labors is lost to him. So strongly has the necessity of some diminution of production impressed itself on the minds of the planters, that various suggestions for shortening the coming crop have been made, and a Convention for that purpose called for. To remedy this evil many of the citizens of the South have diverted their labor into other channels, and our Factories are found to work well in giving employment to labor, and remunerating profits to those who employ it.

This question is a practical one altogether, and not a political one; and we imagine that there is but little danger to be apprehended either to the cause of Free Trade, or to Southern Institutions, because labor is diverted from unprofitable into profitable channels, and Southern planters pocket the proceeds of their own industry, instead of paying tribute to the North.

True the machinery of our Factories is all, and the directors of them in some, are Northern; but a very short time will allow us to dispense entirely with the services of the latter, and a prudent regard for their own comfort will muzzle them from mischief most effectually while they remain among us.

With regard to the other forms of manufacturing industry, all of which our friend disposes of at "one fell swoop," we think that the decided direction of the public mind that way affords the best commentary on their utility and necessity.

The question simply is: Can we make at home a better and a cheaper article than can be furnished from the North? If we can, and no more profitable employment of the same labor can be made, then there is an end to the matter.

People will do what is most consonant to their own interests, and the instincts which cause radical changes in the habits and occupations of communities are never without strong motive causes. Our own view of this matter we have too strenuously asserted over and over again, to be misapprehended. Our belief is, that the only way of strengthening the South and rendering her independent, is by diversifying the forms of labor, and producing at home all that we profitably can. Southern labor needs no protection, nor will Southern institutions, if our labor is made profitable and not all forced violently into one narrow channel, already filled to overflowing.

The tone of the Northern press in relation to the new impulse given to manufacturing and mechanical labor at the South, impresses us only more strongly with its

importance. They all express surprise that the South had not thought of it before, instead of standing like a patient sheep to be shorn of her golden fleece—that they should rejoice at a competition which is to cut off the profits they so long have monopolized, is giving them credit for more self-sacrifice than we feel disposed to accord them.

We join issue then with our friend of the *Banner*, on this matter, and think he has suffered the old Carolina prejudice for Cotton to carry him too far. We too believe that the "manifest destiny" of the South is Agricultural in a great measure—but we are also convinced, that to confine labor to that alone, would make her a desert wilderness, instead of a garden, in the course of fifty years more.

For Factories and Factory labor, (whether of Cotton, axe-handles or wooden axes,) we have but little fondness compared with the invigorating and healthy culture of the earth—but the stern necessity of not over supplying the market with one article and buying all others abroad at ruinous expense, forces upon us the conviction that the more our products are diversified the better it is for us.

A very wise man once said that "he who made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, was a benefactor to his species," so we say that he who can devise and perfect new and profitable modes of employing labor, and cheapening the necessities of life, is an equal benefactor and should be equally encouraged.

## PUBLIC OFFICES AND PUBLIC DUTIES.

There is a laxity in the discharge of public duties by the men appointed by the State to fill her offices of trust, which should be as promptly remedied as possible. Bad debts to the State accumulate rapidly without having that attention paid to them which they require, and the very obvious result is, that the taxes of the people must be increased in proportion to the increase of the "bad or doubtful" list. The Bank of the State has lost something to the people in this way, and that is one element in her composition which should aid the people in pronouncing upon her fate.

Our attention has been called to this inexorable indifference to the faithful discharge of public duties by an exhibit of "old debts of long standing, considered bad or doubtful" in the last annual report to foot up the large sum of nearly fifty thousand dollars considered lost or at least doubtful in the State. The most of this is from sheriffs, tax collectors, &c., whose term of office is short, and who give to the State ample security against loss. It is evident, therefore, that a large portion of these bad debts might have been saved to the people of the State, had promptness been used for their collection.

This large amount, of course, has been accumulating for years; and we only notice it as an evidence of the facts, that in offices under our government this system of leakage, from neglect tends to increase taxation. We do not know whose business it is to apply the remedy or to make collections; but we are of opinion that much might be annually saved to the State by diligence in her public officers.

With regard to State officers we fear that it is becoming too common to elect men, who, however good in other respects, are not qualified, or do not discharge the duties they assume. Too many of these officers, well paid, like certain rich bishops, scarcely ever visit their "charge" more than once a year, employing other to do the work. This practice is obtaining among us, and we suggest to the Legislature the propriety of remedying the growing evil, requiring a strict attendance to, and faithful discharge of, the public duties entrusted to the officers they appoint.

Our remarks are general, and apply to no particular State office. We deprecate the whole system of making public officers mere sinecure sought only for its emoluments, and retarded in its legitimate functions by the over veening desire of the incumbent to become popular, that in the event of some other vacancy he may obtain influence and votes to secure his election. This is an evil, and those who have the State office in their gift should check its growth as early as possible.—*South Carolinian*.

**MEAL TO GENERAL SCOTT.**—The Legislature of Virginia having voted a medal to General Scott, the *Richmond Enquirer* says that a device has been prepared, on one side, of which is the voice inscription; on the other, a Doric column, crowned with an eagle, and entwined with laurel leaves, each bearing the name of one of Scott's great victories. But the happiest design of all we think is the inscription on this side, "Fecit quod cogitavit."—He executed what he conceived. No greater compliment could be written in as few words.

The Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*, under date of April 29, gives the following speculations. The Republic is to be new and the real organ.

The Census printing will be given by the House to the Republic, and by the Senate to the Union. The ordinary printing of the next Congress will give a clever profit of a hundred and twenty thousand dollars—more or less. The last Census job was worth, in clear profit, a hundred thousand dollars to Blair and Rives of the Globe, and some thousand to Thomas Allen, of the *Madisonian*.

Without frugality none can be rich; and with it, few would be poor.

**MR. STEPHENS—THE WILMOT PRO-viso.**—We are rejoiced to see that our able contemporaries of the *Banner*, the *Times*, and the *Constitutionalist*, are busily engaged in exposing to the people of Georgia the true position of Mr. Stephens and his political followers. The day of reckoning will assuredly come, and the man who, under the present exciting circumstances, used the following language in the Congress of the United States, cannot be sustained by a majority of the people of Georgia.

"I am no defender of slavery in the abstract. Liberty always had charms for me, and I would rejoice to see all the sons of Adam's family, in every land and clime in the enjoyment of those rights which are set forth in our declaration of independence as 'natural and inalienable,' if a stern necessity, bearing the marks and impress of the hand of the Creator himself, did not, in some instance, interpose and prevent. Such is the case in the States where slavery now exists. But I have no wish to see it extended to other countries; and if the annexation of Texas were for the sole purpose of extending slavery where it does not now, and would otherwise exist, I should oppose it."—Speech in Congress, Jan. 25, 1845.

Although the Republican is mum as an oyster upon the relative positions of Messrs. Berrien and Stephens on the slavery question, yet we are firm in the belief that a large portion of the Whig party in this section of the State, feel indignant at the course of the latter. If he is to remain the leader of the Whig party in Georgia, like a house built upon the sand, it must inevitably fall.—*Georgian*.

## ANECDOTE FOR FACTORS AND CON-SIGNORS.

The West Tennessee Whig tells a yarn upon a farmer in that part of the State, who, to make a speculation, put a large stone into one of his hog-heads of tobacco, and forwarded it to his commission merchant at New Orleans, directing his merchant there to send him a barrel of sugar. By accident, or otherwise, the stone was discovered. The merchant took the stone from the tobacco and put it into the barrel of sugar before he weighed it, put on the head, and sent it back to the farmer. In the course of time, and he found it before he had used up more than half of the sugar. He got four cents and bought it back at eight, without daring to exercise the poor privilege of grumbling at the one hundred per cent advance price on the repurchase. Dishonesty is not always "the best policy."

## MARRIAGE FOR MONEY.—Bulwer, in the last Blackwood—the Caxtons—says:

For you, my dear, and frank and high-souled young friend—for you, I should say, fly from a loan upon the heart on the genius, the energy, the pride, and the spirit, which not one man in a thousand can bear; fly from the curse of owing everything to a wife! It is a reversal of all natural position—it is a blow to all the manhood within us. You know not what it is! I do. My wife's fortune came not until after marriage. So far so well! It saved my reputation from the charge of fortune-hunting. But I tell you fairly, that if it had never come at all I should be a prouder, and a greater, and a happier man than I have ever been, or ever can be, with all its advantages. It has been a mill-stone round my neck. And yet Eleanor has never breathed a word that would wound my pride.

## KENTUCKY CONVENTION.—The State

Convention of Kentucky of those opposed to the perpetuation of slavery, assembled at Frankfort on Monday last. Several propositions were adopted. First, that slavery, as it at present exists, there, operates injuriously to the commonwealth, and is inconsistent with the fundamental principles of free government, as well as contrary to the natural rights of mankind, and ought not to be perpetuated. Second, that any scheme of emancipation ought to be prospective. It was recommended that it should be a provision in the new Constitution, about to be adopted, that there should be an absolute prohibition of the importation of slaves into the State; and that there was complete power in the people of Kentucky to establish in the new Constitution, a system of gradual and prospective emancipation of slaves.—*Chur. Courier*.

**HOMELINESS.**—What if you are as homely as a log hut? Don't cry about it. Let goodness of heart make up for outward looks. A lady with eyes that resembled peeled onions, and a nose as crooked as a politician's creed; a chin like a hoe, and a mouth that stretches from ear to ear, and opens like a jack knife. will be more respected and beloved, by those whose opinion it is worth one's pains to secure, if she possesses a good heart and kind disposition, than if she were as beautiful as Milton's Eve, with a cork screw disposition and heart of lead. The wise never judge from the complexion of the skin, or the symmetry of form, but from the virtues of the heart and a corresponding life.

We see that one Mr. Broken has just married in Baltimore, a Miss Bank. So there is one more bank now broken.

## HE WILL FORGIVE YOU FATHER

He stood leaning upon a broken gnie in front of his miserable dwelling. His tattered hat was in his hands and the cool breeze lifted the matted locks which covered his noble brow. His countenance was bloated and disfigured, but in his eye there was an unwelcome look—a mingled expression of sadness and regret. Perhaps he was listening to the melancholy voice of his patient wife as she soothed the sick babe on her bosom; or perchance he was gazing on the sweet face of his eldest daughter, as at the open window she plied her needle to obtain for her mother and the poor children a sustenance. Poor Mary! for herself she cared not; young as she was, her spirit was crushed by poverty, unkindness and neglect. As the inebriate stood, his eyes wandered over the miserable habitation before him. The windows were broken and the doors hinged; scarce a vestige of comfort remained; yet memory bore him back to the days of his youth, when it was the abode of peace and happiness. In infancy he saw again the old arm chair where sat his father with his bible upon his knee, and seemed to hear again the sweet tones of his mother as she laid her hand upon her darling boy, and prayed that God would bless him and preserve him from evil. Long years had passed away, yet tears came into the eyes of the drunkard at the recollection of his mother's love.

"Poor mother," he muttered, "it is well that thou art sleeping in the grave; it would break thy heart to know that thy son is a wretched and degraded being—a miserable outcast of society."

He turned slowly away. Deep within an adjoining forest was a dell where the beams of the sun scarce ever penetrated. Tall trees grew on either side, whose branches, meeting above, formed a canopy of leaves, where the birds built their nests and poured forth happy sons. Thither the drunkard bent his steps. It had been his favorite haunt in the days of his childhood, and as he threw him-

self down upon the grass, he remembered the old days, and his mind. He covered his face with his hands, and the prayer of the prodigal burst from his lips, "Oh, God! receive a returning wanderer." Suddenly a soft arm was thrown around his neck, and a sweet voice murmured, "He will forgive you, father." Starting to his feet the inebriate saw standing before him his youngest daughter, a child of six years old.

"Why are you here, Anne?" he said, ashamed that the innocent child should have witnessed his grief.

"I came to gather the lilies which grow upon the banks," she replied. "See, I have got my basket full, and now I am going to sell them."

"And what do you do with the money?" asked the father, as he turned his eyes to the basket, where, among the broad green leaves, the sweet lilies of the valley were peeping forth.

The child hesitated; she thought she had said too much; perhaps her father would demand the money; and spend it in the way in which all his earnings went.

"You are afraid to tell me, Anne?" said the father kindly. "Well I do not blame you; I have no right to my children's confidence."

The gentleness of tone touched the heart of the affectionate child. She threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed, "Yes father, I will tell you. Mother buys medicine for poor little Willie. We have no other way to get it. Mother and Mary work all the time they can get it, to buy bread."

A pang shot through the inebriate's heart. "I have robbed them of the comforts of life," he exclaimed: "from this moment the liquor fire passes my lips no more."

Anne stood gazing at him in astonishment. She could scarce comprehend her father's words; but she saw that some change had taken place. She threw back her golden ringlets, raised her large blue eyes with an earnest look to his face, "will you never drink any more rum?" she whispered timidly.

"Never! dear Anne," replied her father solemnly.

Joy danced in her eyes. "Then we will all be so happy. Oh, father, what a happy home ours will be?"

Years passed away. The words of little Anne, the drunkard's daughter had proven true. The home of the reformed man, her father, was indeed a happy one. Plenty crowned his board, and health and joy beamed from the face of his wife and children; where once squalid misery alone could be traced. The pledge had raised him from his degradation, and restored him once more to peace and happiness.

It is proposed in Albany to tax cigar smokers one dollar per year, to aid in the introduction of pure water into that city.

## A NEW FACT DISCLOSED.

We were not aware, until recently, that the books of newspaper publishers are consulted to quite a large extent, by people in business, to ascertain the pecuniary standing of persons. Debts for newspapers come due once a year, and persons who pay up regularly for their papers, are regarded as prompt men, and worthy of confidence. We had a person come into our office, a few weeks since, and ask, "Do you send the 'Trumpet' now to—?" We replied, "Yes, sir, we certainly do." "Well," said the man, "he owes me about thirty-nine dollars, and I can't get it. I don't think he's good." We looked secretly at his account and found him all paid up. We then replied to the inquirer, "that man is good; your debt is safe; he may have forgotten it, or something else may have prevented his paying; but he is good." The man's eyes brightened. Said he, "I have been to several printers, and could not find where he took his paper. I thought of you, and said I would come here." Said he again, after a pause, "this is the way we find out whether people are good. We ascertain what paper they take, and contrive some way to peep into their account. Men who are good are sure to pay for their newspapers; and if they do not pay for these we think them not good." We were forcibly struck by such an idea. "Well," said he, "I will send up my bill to—"

by express." (These expresses, by the way, are one of the best inventions of modern times.) In a few days the person came in again. Said he, "I sent up my bill." "Well, did he pay you?" "Yes, sir-ee," (said he) and opened his hand and showed a roll of bills. "There," said he, give me a printer's books after all to tell whether a man's good—they're a complete thermometer, sir, a credit thermometer; we always know a man to be bad if he don't pay the printer." He then made a polite bow, and retired.—*Trumpet*.

## The Used Up.—Peter Brush was in

out at knees, out at pockets, out of spirits, and cut in the streets—and "out and outer" in every respect. He sat upon the curbstone, leaning his head upon a stepping stone. Mr. Brush had for some time been silent, absorbed in deep thought, which he relieved at intervals by spitting through his teeth, forlornly, into the gutter. At length, heaving a deep sigh, he spoke:

"They used to tell me, put not your trust in princes—and I haven't. None of 'em ever wanted to borrow nothing of me and I never see any of them to borrow nothing of them. Princes! pooh! put not your trust in politicians! I them's my sentiments. There's no two mediums about that. Haven't I been serving my country this five years, like a patriot; going to meetings and huzzing my day lights out, and getting as blue as blazes; haven't I blocked the windows, got licked fifty times, carried I don't know how many black eyes and broken noses, for the good of the commonwealth, and, the purity of our illegal rights, and all for what? Why, for nix. If any good has come of it, the country has put the whole of it in her pocket, and swindled me out of my earnings. I can't get no office. Republics is ungrateful! I didn't want no reward for my services. I only wanted to be took care of, and have nothing to do; and I've only got half—nothing to do. Being took care of was the main thing. Republics is ungrateful. I'm swagged if they ain't. I love my country, and I want an office—I didn't care what; so it was fat and easy. I wanted to take care of my country, and I wanted my country to take care of me. Head-work is the trade I'm made for—talking, that's my line. Talking in the oyster cellar—in the bar rooms—anywhere. I can talk all day, only stopping for meals; and to wet my whistle. But parties is all alike. I've been on all sides—tried 'em; and I know—none of 'em gave me anything, and I've a great mind to knock off and call it half a day."

**A GOOD ONE.**—A correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times relates the following. Some years since, a North Carolina lawyer, yet living, undertook to convince a Methodist preacher of some celebrity, that his manner of preaching, in threatening his auditors with damnation, was injudicious; and that arguments and exhortations of a milder character would be more successful. After listening patiently, the preacher replied: "My friend, you are mistaken: Sin is a terrible thing, you may exhort, admonish, even kick him, and he will not move, but merely draw his head within his shell, and your labor is lost—but plant a coal of fire on his back, and he travels—hell fire is the article!"